

Our Dumb ANIMALS

AUGUST
1944

WHAT SORROW IS
MIRRORED IN YOUR EYES

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY
for the
PREVENTION of CRUELTY
to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo, George Eastman





OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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From the PRESIDENT'S DESK



IT would be interesting to know how many Sunday schools in this land of ours ever devote any time to teaching the relation we sustain to the animal world. Of course, kindness and justice are part of the Christian faith, but cruelty is quite as much a sin to be guarded against as lying, stealing, backbiting, and other hateful things we warn the young to shun.

LOVE, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, St. Paul's 'fruits of the spirit,' Archdeacon Hindley, of Melbourne, Australia, once said, "are a more accurate description of a good dog than of a so-called good Christian as the world knows him."

YOUTH is something in the soul which has no more to do with the color of the hair than the vein of gold in a rock has to do with the grass a thousand feet above it.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

HOW many people in the United States, we wonder, think of humane societies as educational forces of a very high order in the community? Far more important is this side of their work than the mere enforcement of the law.

CARDINAL NEWMAN is quoted as having said that the life of the animals is to us almost as mysterious as that of the angels.

WHAT a commentary on man's conception of God for centuries were the altars red with the blood of animals slain to appease Him!

HOW many of the humane people in the United States calling themselves lovers of animals are supporting members of any humane society?

Some Tough Questions

INSCRIBED on the old Greek Delphic Oracle many centuries before our era were the words, "Know Thyself." They have been repeated over and over again through the years that have followed.

Do we know ourselves? Can we know ourselves? I wonder. Am I what I think I am? Am I what those who know me best think I am? Can we deceive ourselves, think better of ourselves than we really are, think worse of ourselves than we really are? Am I generous, am I unselfish, am I sincere in what I say and do? Are there unsuspected forces of passion and even cruelty of which I am unconscious, deep down within me, that some enraging event might set free? Do I know myself? How many of us can say, "Yes?"

Out of the Past

MORE than two thousand years ago, in the Fifth Book of Manu, a part of the ancient Hindu literature, the following was written:

"He who consents to the death of an animal; he who kills it; he who dissects it; he who buys it; he who sells it; he who dresses it; he who serves it; and he who makes it his food; these are eight principals in the slaughter.

"He who injures animals that are not injurious, from a wish to give himself pleasure, adds nothing to his own happiness, living or dead.

"While he who gives no creature willingly the pain of confinement or death, but seeks the good of all sentient beings, enjoys bliss without end."

ONE of the best things our readers could do to advance the humane cause would be to secure a new subscriber or two to this magazine.

Don't Ignore the Insect

FASCINATING as is Henri Fabre's study of the insect world, we seldom think of what would happen to us all if the insects of the earth, multiplying as they do, all came to maturity. Huxley is quoted as saying that one green fly, in ten generations, accidents apart, will produce a mass of organic matter equivalent to 500,000,000 human beings—that is, equal to the Chinese Empire in sheer mass of living matter. A single hop-louse will produce in one season nine and a half quadrillions of young.

If nature, "careful of the type," "careless of the single life," only brings one of fifty seeds to bear, we may well be grateful that out of billions of hop-lice, aphids, midges, beetles, spiders and other like creatures, only one in a multitude reaches the reproducing age. All children should be taught to protect the ladybird, or ladybug, as some call it—the pretty little red-winged bug that destroys millions of harmful insect eggs.

IT would be a source of great satisfaction if we could always please all our generous friends and contributors—if we could do all the things they think the law permits us to do, and stop at once all the cruelties that distress them. The anonymous critics who never offer anything but criticism cause us no anxiety.

THE characters of a people, their vices or their virtues, are absolutely dependent upon the teachers charged with the education of their youth.

—Leibnitz

A Much-Regretted Error

FROM the last paragraph of the editorial, "Do Not Lose Heart," on the President's Page of the July issue, quotation marks were unfortunately omitted by the printers. The paragraph was from Paul Elmer More's remarkable book, "Pages of an Oxford Diary."



B. C. Forest Service

RESCUED FROM FIRE

Game suffers heavily as a result of forest fires, particularly the young birds and animals, which are too small to make any attempt to escape. This little fawn was picked up at a fire near Qualicum Beach, on Vancouver Island.

**No Trespassing!**

EACH morning, a housewife in Alpena, Michigan, would give her large police dog a paper to be delivered up the street to a neighbor with whom she shared papers. The dog would get about half way to his destination without mishap, but excepting his first attempt when he was allowed to complete the mission, this was as far as he dared to go.

"Tip," a much smaller dog who lived across the street from the housewife expecting the paper, would always be at the half-way mark to protect his territory from outside delivery competition.

The two dogs would converse in some sort of dog language, and this same scene was repeated day after day.

The larger dog would growl and look as if he intended to complete his mission, but Tip would stand his ground until finally the would-be trespasser, resigned to failure, would drop the paper and watch dejectedly as Tip picked it up and carried it majestically to the waiting housewife.

—William Parker, III

Victims to Beauty

HOW many little creatures have died to beautify the human race?

In the days of the early Romans a species of shellfish, a kind of snail, was nearly exterminated because it was the only source of the dye called "Tyrian Purple." Wool fixed with this color sold for \$350.00 per pound in gold, which accounts for the modern expression, "royal purple." No one but members of the Emperor's family could afford such a luxury.

Today quantities of wee yellow butterflies are meeting a similar sad fate. Natives in the Solomon Islands treasure the flying insects for the brilliant yellow pigment which they yield. The butterflies are caught or merely removed from spiders' webs in which they have become enmeshed. The natives color their woven arm bands and other possessions with the yellow dye.

Another valued ornament is the kingfisher blue butterfly, found nowhere else in the world except in the Solomons. Not the women, but the male Papuans wear these gorgeous creatures, as large as small birds, in their bushy wigs.

No luckier are the extremely large, often two-inch-long fireflies, whose ability to give out a flashing, green-yellow glow has created a demand for their use as hair ornaments. In Vera Cruz, South America, great numbers of the insects are caught and sold to fashionable women, who imprison the living bugs in their tresses to glow like live gems until they die.

Many are the birds, too, which have been sacrificed because man coveted their beautiful plumage. The Maoris of New Zealand have helped to greatly reduce the numbers of the nearly extinct kiwi bird, whose useless wings and unwieldy body make him an easy prey to feather seekers.

—Ida M. Pardue

Sacred Cats

THE cat was so respected by the ancient Egyptians for its usefulness as a hunter that it became one of the sacred animals of that country. According to the Greek historian Herodotus they were held in such veneration that an Egyptian always saved the cat first when his house took fire and to kill one of them even by accident was punishable by death. When they died, their bodies were preserved for burial like humans and cat mummies have been found in numerous Egyptian tombs along with the other valued possessions of the occupant.

They even had a cat goddess known as Pasht, the one the Greeks called Bubastis. Originally Pasht had been a lioness-headed goddess but later had been a cat-headed one. The city of Bubastis in the Nile Delta was named after her and it was there that solemn feasts were celebrated each year in the great temple dedicated to her worship. Herodotus says it was one of the most beautiful temples in all Egypt.

This Egyptian cat worship was one reason why cats were not a common pet in Rome. The excavators of Pompeii have never found the remains of even one of these animals and even after that they were very slow to gain a foothold. Of course some Romans treated the animal as contemptuously as the religion of which they were a part. But aside from this the Egyptians were fanatically opposed to any cats being taken out of the country either to Rome or anywhere else. They had to be smuggled out. Then when any did reach Rome, the Egyptians would try repeatedly to buy them back and take them home again.

—John H. Spicer

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.

Odd Facts in Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

Tiny Champion of the Airways

The hummingbird that darts around
Is such a charming elf;
With so much speed and beauty,
He's a champion, all himself.



For either backward or ahead,
He flies, with equal ease;
The only bird that can do both,
A marvel, if you please!

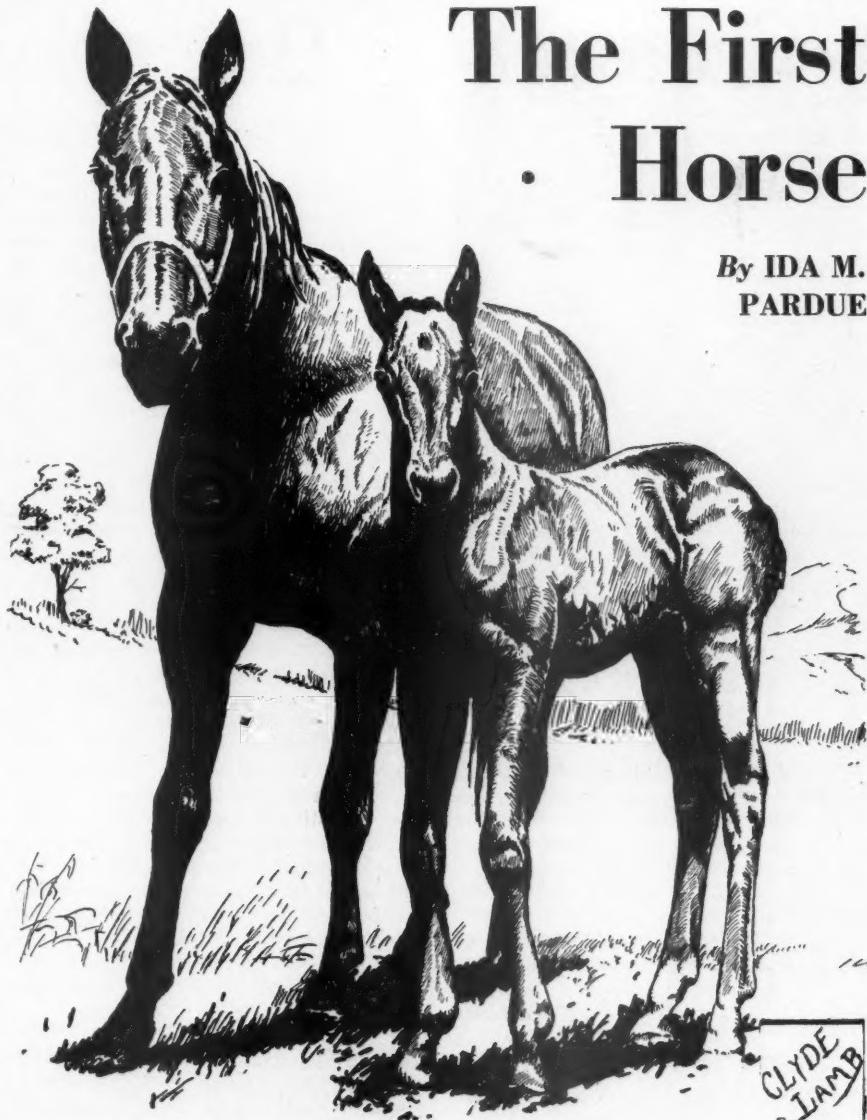
DESCENDANTS OF THE DAWN HORSE

THE splendid animal we know today as the horse, is a far cry from the Dawn Horse, a midget in size, which roamed the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains some forty-five million years ago.

The modern American saddle horse, a medium-sized equine, stands an average fifteen and a half hands high, and tips the scales at half a ton, while Eohippus, for so the daddy of them all was named, was about the size and weight of a large, tame cat. The largest member of the family weighed not over one hundred pounds and stood about twenty inches high.

Eohippus made his debut on the North American continent at least forty million years ahead of man. He just missed making the acquaintance of the dinosaurs and other scaly horrors who took their final curtain during the Age of Reptiles, the era just preceding the Eocene period, which Eohippus helped to usher in.

It seems fantastic that the little horse survived at all, since he seemed so ill-equipped to protect himself against enemies. His teeth were small and of no value whatever except to chew his food. His body was well-rounded and his neck short, but what Eohippus lacked in armament he more than made up for in speed. Probably nature's first attempt at streamlining, this midget's only defense was his legs, which at this point in his development did not as yet end in hoofs. His feet, with four toes on the front feet and three on the back, were well padded in the manner of a dog's feet, and gave him the added advantage of being able to come and go almost without a sound. Strictly a vegetarian, the Dawn Horse kept to his own kind, and avoided the proximity of his enemies. He fed and watered in the shelter of lush vegetation which flourished in the tropical climate. Thus, when danger came to him, he took to his flying heels and



scampered away, his toe nails helping him to cling to rocky, steep slopes where other animals could not follow.

The Dawn Horse was, for his time, the fastest thing on legs, and this fact,

The First Horse

By IDA M.
PARDUE

Animals Know a Friend By C. E. BELSCHNER

TIME and again I have made friends with animals in the woods and I am positive they can recognize quickly whether a person is a friend or a foe.

I was out hiking soon after a twelve-inch spring snow, when I noticed a little brown animal running along a recent automobile track. He was trying desperately hard to find a place to climb out of the rut but he seemed too scrawny and wet to jump or get away from me. I caught him easily. He had come through the winter almost starved. I picked him up by the back of the neck and carried

him to the cabin where I wrapped him in a dry newspaper and set him down on a rock in the sun to dry.

For just a few minutes he felt thoroughly insulted and drew up his back and blew at me in a burst of anger. I talked quietly and kindly to him and he seemed to know I was a friend and relaxed. As I talked to him I managed to get a hand over to rub his poor skinny back. This seemed to please him.

I offered him a piece of bread which he gulped down in a hurry. This was followed by a peanut butter sandwich

coupled with his disposition to keep out of trouble, made him a permanent resident of North America until the Ice Age caused his descendants to migrate to Asia, South America, Europe and Africa.

made with graham crackers. By this time he was feeling quite civil and eyed me with his little eyes and wriggled his nose, then settled down in happy content in the warming sun.

When he was dry I carried him down the road and put him near a burrow I had noticed soon after I caught him. I gave him a chunk of bread to put in storage and he backed down into the burrow with his future food, deposited it, and came back out cocking his head in a comical way to see if I was still there. He was quite willing to visit some more.



WESTERN MOCKINGBIRD

QUEER-VOICED birds—well, there are many of them all over the world, of course, but these six seem to be the most odd: El Perrito, the Bell Bird, the Bull Bird, the Senegal Finfoot, the Coachwhip Bird, and our own Mockingbird.

El Perrito is a bird of the South American country of Chile (incidentally

the country itself is named for a bird, the Trile, whose song repeats what sounds like the name of its land, over and over, "Trile, trile") and somewhat resembles a stork, but barks like a dog. The people of Chile have named it El Perrito, which means little dog, from which one can know that the barking of El Perrito is not the heavy bark of the St. Bernard, but the finer bark of the small-sized dog.

Not to be outdone by the barking El Perrito is the Bell Bird, also a resident of South America. He rings himself! He does this by means of an "antenna," a spiral-like arrangement on his forehead. When he gives forth his call, this "antenna" evidently sends it over the air waves, for it can be heard for a distance of three miles. A natural radio! This call has been spoken of as "the most astonishing note ever heard from a bird."

Another queer-voiced bird from our good neighbor, South America, is the Bull Bird. Goodness knows why he was named that when his voice is a rather exact imitation of a cow's! A great fluff of feathers crowns his head and another bunch of longer feathers hangs from his neck down over his breast. Otherwise this dark-plumaged bird is not particularly good-looking.

Going back to birds that imitate ani-

mals, there's the Senegal Finfoot. He doesn't bark like a dog as El Perrito does, he merely growls like one. He looks much like a goose with a black back and white front and has huge webbed feet, a "fin-foot." It must be rather alarming to be expecting a comforting "quack," and to hear instead a loud growl!

Moving over to a land much in the news of late, we find the Coachwhip Bird. He is a passerine bird, which only means that he belongs to the sparrow family. But he does have one surprising trait, his voice. He opens his mouth and out comes a sound that resembles the crack of a whip! Many a poor Australian has no doubt jumped at the note of the Coachwhip Bird and then looked foolishly about.

In our own Southern States, as well as in Central and South America, is our beloved Mockingbird, a small, brown and white bird, shy and active, whose own notes are very melodious, clear and varied. But apparently it is not satisfied with them, for it uses its great and remarkable talent for exact imitations of the notes of other birds. Its "queer voice" is many voices. The Mexicans call it "the bird of four hundred tongues," and one of America's most beautiful old songs is dedicated to this little bird, "Listen to the Mockingbird."

True "Water Baby"

THE young grebe is a true "water baby." When he has pecked his way out of the egg, he finds himself floating on the water in a sort of raft-nest which his parents have carefully woven from reeds and dry marsh grass. For a few moments he studies the water from the edge of his strange home, and then—splash!

But the grebe parents (papa grebe shares his part of the burden of raising a family without complaint) know their children are too weak for much violent exercise, so they carry their young on their backs. Sometimes you can see an old grebe with two or three chicks nestling just under the wing coverts, with only their heads exposed. At the slightest sound, up go the parent's feathers to form a protective screen, completely hiding the chicks, and sometimes, if alarmed, the old birds will dive, keeping the little brood in place under the wings. Since water is their natural element, they can stay under its surface for a remarkably long period.

—Mabel Irene Savage



Western Grebe with young, three days old.

Photo, Fish and Wildlife Service

Queer-Voiced Birds

By GLADYS FULLER RASMUSSEN

Living Teddy Bear

By JOYCE BURNS GLEN

THE first thing our soldiers expected to see in Australia were kangaroos.

Instead they found the national animal of Down Under to be the cute little koala bear — Coca-Colas as their American nickname came to be.

As seen in this picture, the koala has a funny bewildered little face, a soft round body, covered with blue-gray fur, and no tail. His black shoe-button eyes twinkle, and his big woolly ears and adorable snub nose make him look more like an animated toy than a living creature. He is just made to be cuddled and likes nothing better than to be held like a baby. He cries like one, too, when he is lost in the bush at night.

About 32 inches long when full grown, the koala is a nocturnal animal and is usually seen in the daytime snoozing in the fork of a tree. He does all his foraging for food at night, storing it in cheek pouches. The koala has only one baby at a time and, like the kangaroo, carries it around in the pouch. There it stays hidden until it is old enough to peep out and take a look at the world. Soon it hops out of the nursery and climbs on mother's back, where it clings until it graduates to the limb of a tree.

These living teddy bears would be seen in every zoo if they were not so fussy about their diet. They live in eucalyptus forests and only eat a few of the hun-

dreds of varieties of gum leaves. They never drink water. Although awkward and clumsy on the ground, the koala is quite an acrobat in a tree, and will brave the highest and what seems the most precarious branch for the juiciest gum tips.

The koala is one of Australia's first inhabitants, for it was living there before the Flood and even in the days when the mammoth was roaming across Europe. Like another primitive Australian, the kangaroo, the koala is found only Down Under.

The bush used to be teeming with these bears, who traveled round a lot, gathering their harvest in one neighborhood and then moving on to another, swinging from tree to tree. But when Australia began to be settled and clearings and wild dogs and foxes appeared in the bush, the poor native bear was too afraid to come down from the high branches, and became a one-tree Australian, making his abode in one particular tree until the supply of gum tips was exhausted. Then under cover of night he and his family would move cautiously to another tree. Not only was the koala in danger from animals; the white man brought with him the urge to slaughter these harmless creatures for their beautifully warm, non-verminous coats. Queensland alone used to export a million pelts a year in



Australia's live teddy bears.

the 1920's. Bush fires, paralysis and pneumonia reduced them, too, until 20 years ago there were only 800,000 bears left in New South Wales and Queensland. Then Australians decided to give the koala a chance, protecting them by law and forming sanctuaries for their preservation, and today it is good to know that their numbers are gradually increasing.

Cat Adopts Squirrel

FROM the kingdom of the animal world comes another one of those heart-warming stories that prove the beauty and depth of maternal instinct.

This time, "Skippy," pet of Mr. and Mrs. Camy Luminello, New Bedford, Massachusetts, and a lady-cat in every sense of the word, has adopted a stray baby squirrel. It all happened not long ago, when Ralph Methot was gardening in the Luminello backyard. A tiny baby squirrel climbed into his overalls back pocket and, not having the heart to turn it loose, alone in a big and cruel world, Mr. Methot brought it into the house.

Skippy, who had become the proud mother of four kittens only a few days before, saw the infant squirrel placed in a solitary box at the other end of the room, hungry and weak. Right then and there, mother Skippy decided to adopt a fifth child. She fed it, brought it back to vigor, and the result is shown in the accompanying picture.

Who said, "Be kind to animals?" Skippy's deed is a lesson in kindness from one animal to another.



Photo, New Bedford (Mass.) Standard-Times

Tiny baby squirrel and its adopted mother.

Mother Carey's Chickens

MOTHER Carey's Chickens delight in windy weather and old-time sailors who gave this bird its poetic name rather dreaded its appearance as they felt sure a storm would soon follow. For centuries sailors also believed that this bird never visited land and that its egg was laid at sea and carried under one wing until it hatched. The sailors can hardly be blamed perhaps as these little birds who run along the tops of the waves and dance along on the surface of the water very rarely visit land except at the nesting season. Then they have to come down to earth like other birds but choose remote, uninhabited islets for their nesting grounds.

The Stormy Petrel, to give it its correct name, is a small bird about five or six inches long and colored grayish black or brown with some white markings. Because of its skimming flight and slightly forked tail it is sometimes called the sea swallow, a name more often given to some of the smaller terns. The little petrel which is found in both hemispheres spends its entire life skimming over the waves and will follow a ship for days.

At the nesting season Mother Carey's Chickens come ashore usually on some uninhabited island such as some of the Shetland Islands and St. Kilda in the North Atlantic and Boatswain-bird Islet near Ascension in the south. Cima, an uninhabited island in the Cape Verde group, is another popular nesting ground. The eggs are hidden in crevices among the boulders and on Cima the birds dig burrows sometimes for several feet into the soft soil. Cima is also a petrel cemetery as its small plateau is whitened with the tiny bones and skulls of millions of these birds who apparently sought it out at the approach of death.

No sailor ever injured one of these birds. Although in the old days their appearance caused foreboding, the superstitious sailors were also afraid to molest them and in fact were very careful not to. The little petrels didn't always get this much consideration, however. The story is told that the birds sometimes became so fat that the Faeroe Islanders killed them in quantities, strung wicks through their bodies and used them as lamps.

Dictionary of Dogs

By Aletha M. Bonner

The Newfoundland

When featuring a dog review,
Much laudatory praise is due
The Newfoundland—a dog world famed,
That came from the small isle, as named.
A massive body, square-set thighs,
A noble head and kindly eyes;
A coast-guard dog, it knows no fear,
And oft saves life when death is near.

ANIMAL LORE

FISH—Neither silver-fish, jelly-fish, star-fish, nor shellfish are real fish at all. They each belong to entirely different branches of the animal kingdom and no two of them to the same branch.

GLASS SNAKE is not a real snake at all, but just a legless species of lizard.

PREHENSILE—The habit of banging or swinging by the tail is said to be confined almost exclusively to animals of the American hemisphere.

GROUNDED—All the wild ducks and geese have to spend part of each summer in retirement. When their wing feathers fall out at the molting season, they are unable to fly until they grow new ones.

BABY GORILLAS will live in captivity only when they are given companionship and affection from some one they have learned to love and trust.

BEES—The so-called stingless bees of the tropics are the only ones able to get any work out of the drones. Among these bees the males produce wax the same as the workers.

NATURALISTS report that wild animals, such as seals, which survive around a thickly populated country are much harder to tame than similar species from remote regions where they have had little experience with men.

SNAKES—Some of the climbing snakes of the Malayan region are able to jump considerable distances from one tree to another.

CHESS PLAYER—The Emperor Charles V is reported to have had a pet Mona Monkey that was able to play chess.

NATURE—The height of activity in nature is in the month of July.

BEE'S KNEES are its organs of taste.

GRASSHOPPER—If a man's legs were as strong as those of a grasshopper, in comparison, he could jump over a one family house.

Any unusual or interesting facts concerning animals will be gratefully received. Please mention source. Address—Animalore, Our Dumb Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Dog Becomes Observer

HEADQUARTERS, EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS. People stare when Private First Class LeRoy B. Van Guilder, 19, of Superior, Wisconsin, wheels his ton-and-a-half engineer dump truck along the winding roads of England. And no wonder, for perched on top of the cab is "T/5," a little, black and white dog.

Van Guilder, member of an Engineer General Service Regiment, says T/5 acquired the habit of riding on the cab the first day he attempted to go to work and leave her behind. Disobeying orders, the friendly puppy hopped on the running board and climbed onto the hood. Van Guilder, being in a hurry, didn't have time to force the issue, so he drove off to the job, with the dog clinging grimly to the bouncing hood.

She soon discovered that riding on the roof of the cab was more comfortable, and ever since has taken up that position whenever Van Guilder takes the truck out.

Quick, sure footwork keeps T/5 from falling off. Private Van Guilder drives over the rough, twisting English roads at speeds up to 30 miles per hour.

Sometimes it gets a little too cold for T/5 up there, so she climbs down onto the hood and crouches low just in front of the windshield. Then Private Van Guilder has to stop and take her inside the cab. Smart dog!

T/5 is also an excellent foot warmer. She sleeps with Private Van Guilder, "inside the covers and at the foot." He feeds her from what he calls her "silver platter," actually the top from a five-gallon can.

T/5 has a rival, "Beezy." But just now Beezy isn't much competition since he is some 4,000 miles away in Wisconsin.



"T/5" rides along an English road.

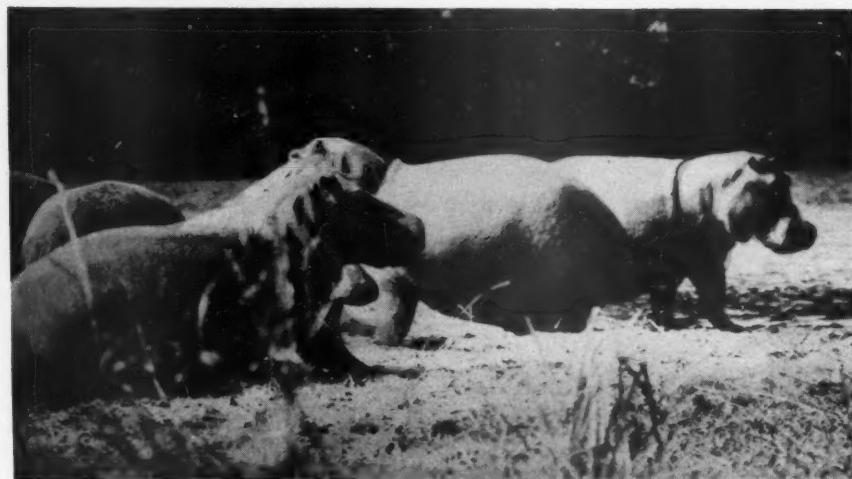
Names of Animals

By ALAN A. BROWN

GROUP OF "RIVER HORSES"

THREE are many interesting and fascinating stories in the origins of animals' names. Take the alligator, for example. It owes its name to the Spaniards of many centuries ago. When they first saw the animal they noted its resemblance to a huge lizard. For want of something better, they called it by the Spanish name for lizard, "el lagarto." The name "alligator" is an obvious modification.

In this connection, the derivation of the name "crocodile" is interesting. When the Greeks came to Egypt, many centuries before the discovery of America, they encountered the animal. They, too, recognized the resemblance to a lizard and bestowed upon it the Greek equivalent, "krokodeilos," from which the English name was formed.



Imagination, too, played a part in the naming of animals. Take the walrus, for example. The name is of Scandinavian origin, an inverted form of the Icelandic "hross-hvalr," a whale-horse. The name was given to the animal because it sometimes makes a noise like the neigh of a horse.

Similarly with the hippopotamus which, according to the Greek, is a "river horse" (*hippos*, "horse," and *potamos*, "river"). Surely, at first glance, its resemblance to a horse hardly extends beyond the fact that both have four legs. But the discerning Greeks noticed that when the hippopotamus is almost completely submerged its pointed ears, prominent eyes and large nostrils are grotesquely suggestive of a horse's head.

Often the names of animals and birds contain pithy descriptions and revealing sidelights of habit or habitat. Porcupine

means "spiny pig," from the Latin *porcus*, "pig," and *spina*, "spine." Beaver is from the Anglo-Saxon *beofer* meaning "brown water-animal." The nightingale sings in the night and that is the literal meaning of its name, from the Anglo-Saxon *niht*, "night," and *galan*, "to sing." Penguin is literally "white head" from the Welsh *pen*, "head" and *gwyn*, "white."

The name canary has an odd origin. The bird was named after the Canary Islands, where it was first found. But the Islands were so named because of their large dogs ("dog" in Latin is *canis*). So the canary bird has a name which means "dog!"

These little word stories barely touch the interesting pastime of etymology of animal names. You can spend many delightful hours browsing through the dictionary and reference books for similar tales.

Ants with Dairy Farms

By JOHN H. SPICER

MANY kinds of ants were in the dairy business long before humans ever thought of keeping cows or other domestic animals. The ant herds are made up of insects such as plant lice, scale insects and mealy bugs who yield honey dew instead of milk but otherwise there is little difference. The ants care for their cows, put them out in the best pasture, even build stables for them and also shelter their eggs over winter in their nests.

These ant cattle all have much the same habits whether they be scale insects, mealy bugs or the familiar green plant lice. They gather on the more tender shoots and leaves of growing plants where they pierce holes with their beaks and suck the sap. They digest what they need from it and excrete the rest from their bodies as honeydew. During the digestion some of the constituents have also been changed into sugar so that the

honeydew is sweeter than the original sap. The ants are extremely fond of this sweet liquid and greedily lick it up from where it falls on the leaves or, as many ants have learned to do, milk it from the insects themselves by stroking or tickling them. Thus wherever one finds colonies of plant lice, one can nearly always find ants, too.

Many species of ants have gone farther and care for these insects just as we do our own domesticated animals. They watch over the colonies, ready to fight off any trespassers with a taste for honeydew or predatory insects who might devour them. They move them from one pasture to another where they find better feeding just as the farmer does his cows. Some ants even build stables, little shelters to protect them from the weather. In some cases their eggs are actually collected in the fall and sheltered in the ant nest over winter. Then in the spring

the hatching young are carried out and placed on the tender shoots of the growing plants. Not all of these ant cattle are put to feed on the stems and leaves as some species keep their cows in underground burrows where they pasture on the roots instead. Thus one of the common garden ants has been reported guilty of distributing plant lice on corn roots.

This dairy business is carried on all over the world wherever ants are found. No doubt it is good business for the thrifty, industrious ants, but from our human point of view it is one of the most harmful of their activities as this habit of distributing plant lice often causes considerable damage to cultivated plants and crops. It doesn't matter to the ants if their chosen pasture happens to be something we carefully planted. On the contrary, a carefully nourished garden plant is apt to be a lot more tender and juicy than a wild one.

Print the complete address in plain black letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

Mr. Richard Roe
Main Street
United States
America

John Doe
(Sender's name)
Somewhere
(Sender's address)
Out There

July 7, 1944.
(Date)

Dear Dick,

I'll bet you never expected to get a letter from way out here and you're probably wondering why I'm sent to so many different places. I've certainly been around the old world some lately and I can tell you that you get to know the boys in uniform pretty well in my job.

Yes, what they want most of all is to get the job done and then go home. For the first time in many of their lives they are beginning to appreciate America and all that it stands for.

One thing I've discovered in my travels -- and that goes for camps right in the United States, too -- is how much animals mean to the men and women in the service. No matter where I go, I find at least one mascot and it doesn't seem to matter much what it is. Mostly, of course, there are dogs -- all kinds and descriptions -- but I've seen cats, rabbits, guinea pigs, crows, owls -- almost any animal you can imagine.

The men seem to look on their pets as a link to their homes and they certainly lavish their affection on these mascots. In fact, I haven't discovered anything that keeps their spirits up so much as, say, a friendly dog. And do the dogs love it! They seem to sense that they're doing their part and fit in with military life as though they were born to it. America owes a debt of gratitude to these pets for what they are doing for our men.

Keep the letters coming

Yours,
Jack

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT PERMIT NO. 101

V-MAIL



These four pretty WAVES, stationed at [redacted] spaniel family

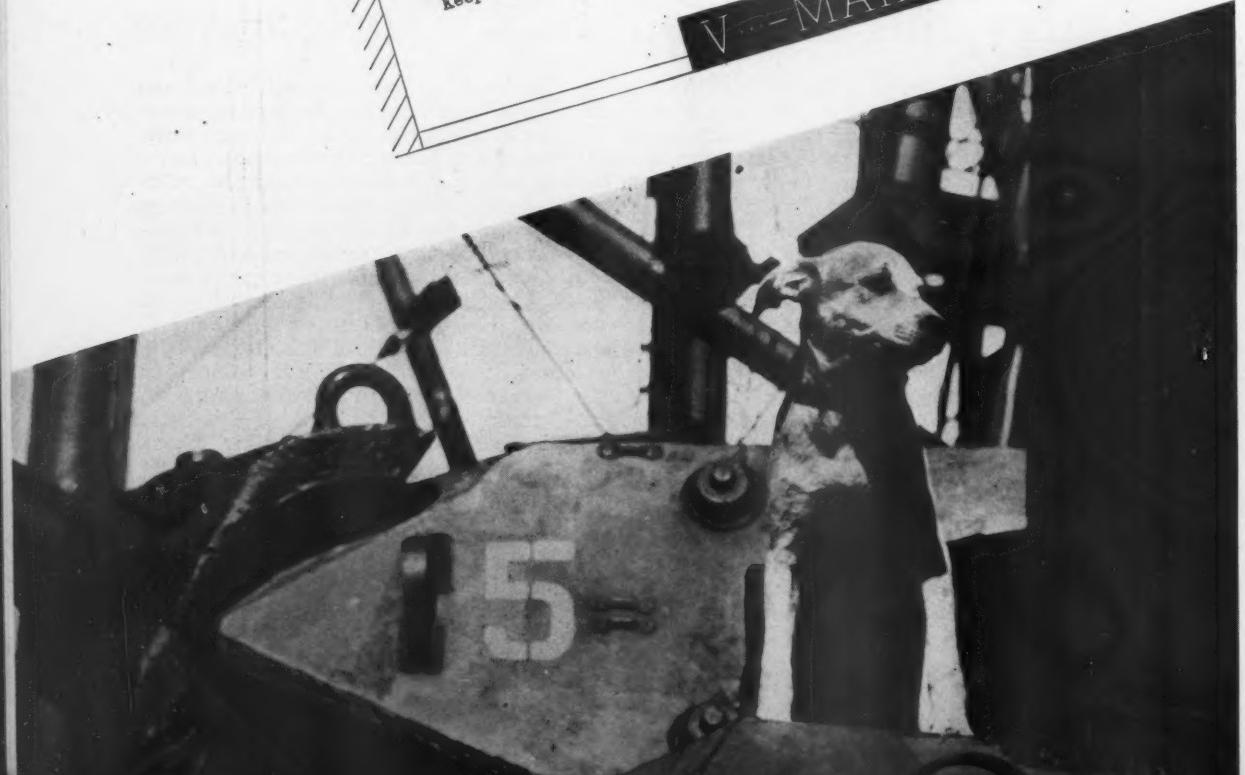
OVER THE SIDE

Determined to follow his Coast Guard mates to the beach, "Hobo" hops onto a war machine which is about to be hoisted into a landing craft.

NARY A WHIMPER

Coast Guard mascot, "Sparky," has an injured paw dressed by a pharmacist's mate and resolves to avoid high door sills.

PHOTOS BY
U. S. Coast Guard
U. S. Marine Corps





S, stationed at Parris Island, S. C., help out a cocker spaniel family at mealtime.



Somewhere in the Pacific, these pets make life interesting for their Coast Guard and Marine owners.

COZY BOUDOIR FOR "TALASEA"

At Cape Gloucester, little "Talasea," kitten mascot, sleeps in a helmet slung from her master's bunk.

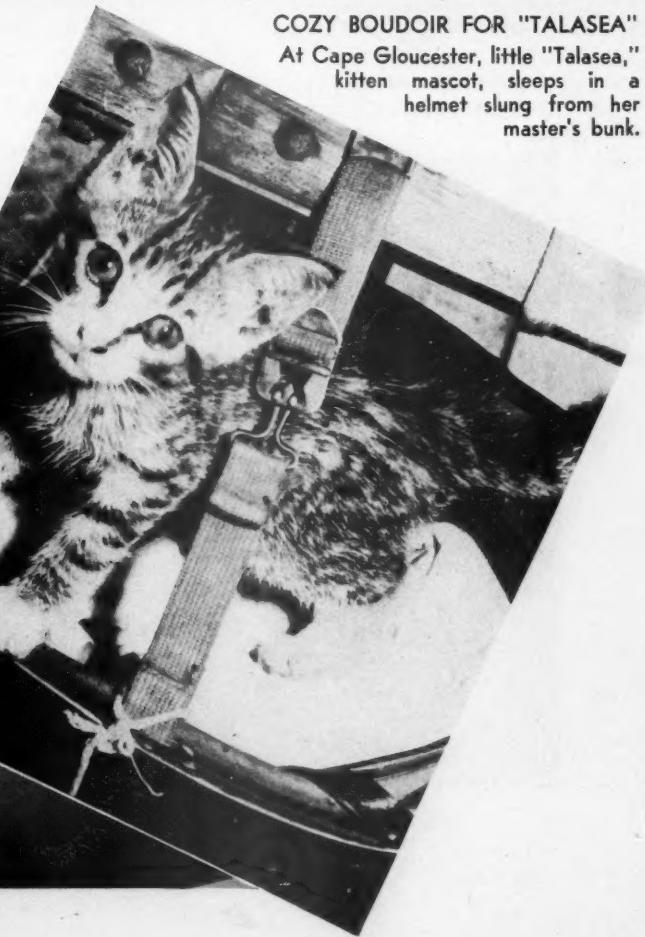
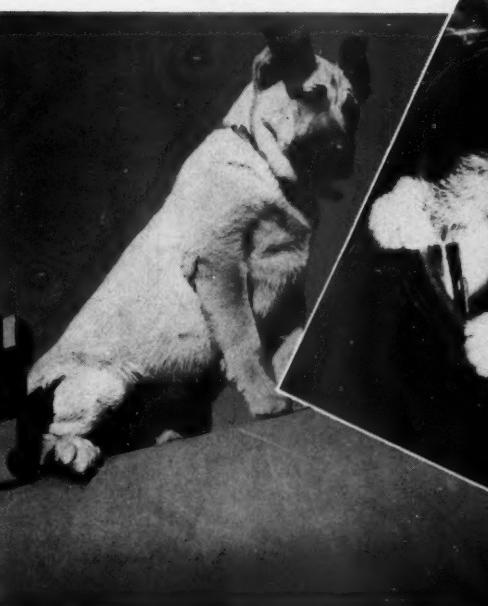
TIME ON HIS PAWS

"Salty," mascot on a Coast Guard assault transport, hops on a boom or gun barrel to watch his shipmates swab down the decks.



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Humane Key Award

Judges award prize in national competition

After careful consideration on the part of the judges, we are happy to announce the winner of our National Humane Key Contest which ended last April.

A prize of \$150 in cash and an attractive 14-carat gold key, suitably engraved, was awarded to Mrs. Laura T. Ayres, of Fort Plain, New York, for the most outstanding entry.

Mrs. Ayres' contribution consisted of units and project materials suitable for use in kindergarten through the sixth grade. Her entry was made up into two portfolios whose contents will serve as reference sources in planning humane education work. In the introduction, acknowledgment was given to humane leaders and educators for their contributions in the field of humane education.

Following the introduction, Mrs. Ayres outlined teaching units and objectives for a year's Band of Mercy work adapted to the following groups:

Kindergarten through second grade

Third and fourth grades

Special ungraded class

Fifth grade

Sixth grade

Next appeared pictures and accounts of domestic animals, which made short visits to the schools, and pictures of the

feeding stations at each school.

There were samples of project materials—pictures, stories, songs, games and handwork to accompany the teaching units.

Also listed were records of assembly programs and motion pictures pertaining to animal protection, and bibliographies for teachers and pupils.

Mrs. Ayres attended Jackson College, Medford, Mass., and was graduated from St. Lawrence University. After graduating, she taught English at Silver Creek, N. Y., and has since done substitute teaching over the course of the last ten years. Her not inconsiderable experience with humane work has eminently fitted her for her Band of Mercy work and the teaching of humane education.

The over-all value of Mrs. Ayres' entry is that the projects have been tried and found satisfactory by her in the schools of Fort Plain, Canajoharie and Sand Hill Rural School.

While no second prize was offered, a splendid thesis on the subject of humane education, submitted by Mr. Dean W. Kuykendall, Assistant Professor of Journalism and Education at Michigan State College, East Lansing, Michigan, received such favorable comments from the



Mrs. Laura T. Ayres

judges that it was decided to make a special award of fifty dollars for Mr. Kuykendall's entry.

The contest, the first of its kind ever sponsored by any humane society in the country, was open to all educators for contributions of humane plays, theses and original ideas with relation to the furtherance of humane education. More than a hundred entries were received from all parts of the nation, two from Canada and one from England. All entrants in the competition were awarded a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*.

Acting as judges were: Dr. Walter F. Downey, Headmaster of English High School and former State Commissioner of Education; Mr. Elliott P. Frazier, Master of the Department of Science, at the same school; Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President of the Society, and Mr. Eric H. Hansen, Executive Vice-President.



THE JUDGES COMPARE NOTES ON A FEW CONTEST ENTRIES

Left to right: Dr. Walter F. Downey, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Mr. Eric H. Hansen and Mr. Elliott P. Frazier.

OVER THE AIR

A weekly radio program devoted to animals may be heard each Tuesday afternoon at 1:15 over Springfield radio station WSPR —1270 on your radio dial. This program is presented by Charlene B. Kibbe and sponsored by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Programs will be as follows:

August 1—"Animals in the News."

August 8—"Emergency Care and Treatment of Animals."

August 15—"True Dog Stories."

August 22—"Animals in General."

August 29—"Understanding Our Animals."

Retired Workers' Fund

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.



Liberal Annuity Rates

ADVANTAGES

No coupons to clip, no papers to sign and mail. You simply receive your checks at stated intervals—that's all there is to it.

Annuity agreements are frequently used to provide for one's or another's future years.

It is no experiment. There is no anxiety. No fluctuations in rate of income. No waste of your estate by a will contest.

* * *

A pamphlet giving necessary information gladly sent upon request.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

The management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.



RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.	
Active Life	\$100.00
Associate Life	50.00
Sustaining Life	20.00
Children's	\$0.75
Active Annual	\$10.00
Associate Annual	5.00
Annual	1.00

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15	
Cases entered in Hospital	786
Cases entered in Dispensary ...	1,745
Operations	274

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street	
Cases entered in Hospital	233
Cases entered in Dispensary ...	690
Operations	115

Totals

Hospital cases since opening	
Mar. 1, 1915	234,365
Dispensary cases	585,218
Total	819,583



JUNE REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTH- AMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, AND BROCKTON, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE.

Miles traveled by humane officers	15,358
Cases investigated	218
Animals examined	3,430
Animals placed in homes	216
Lost animals restored to owners..	74
Number of prosecutions	4
Number of convictions	3
Horses taken from work	8
Horses humanely put to sleep	34
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,994
Horse auctions attended	19
Stockyards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	60,433
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	22

Work in Washington

A RECENT report from our field worker, Mrs. Florida L. Byrne, Tacoma, Washington, shows progress in humane education work throughout the State.

Attending a meeting of the State Humane Society, in Seattle, Mrs. Byrne addressed the gathering. Her report on humane education work in Tacoma was enthusiastically received and many requests for literature were filled.

Throughout the month, she visited schools, speaking before parent-teacher groups and classrooms. Her quiz game has become increasingly popular and pupils frequently request it.

In addition to a weekly broadcast, two monthly programs are also on the air, making a total of six which Mrs. Byrne and her aides must prepare each month.



American Fondouk, Fez

Report for March and April, 1944

Daily average large animals:	21
Daily average dogs:	9
Animals put to sleep:	9
Entries:	10 horses, 11 mules, 122 donkeys
Exits:	11 horses, 11 mules, 98 donkeys
Outpatients:	392 horses, 122 mules, 667 donkeys, and 3 dogs
Fondouk visited	1,281
Animals inspected	14,786
Animals treated	1,391
Animals sent in	263
Pack-saddles destroyed	18
Arab bits destroyed	2
Animals sent by Police Department	32

Amount of our expenses for the two months: \$607.76.

GUY DELON
Superintendent



The Hummingbird

Today your cup a larkspur sweet,
Through which the sun doth shine;
Tomorrow you will surely drink
From the flowering trumpet vine.

You give yourself unto the rain,
The flowers, hills and dew,
And such delicious perfumes,
May nectar nourish you.

You give yourself unto the wind,
The golden columbine;
Beauty iridescent gleams
When sun on you doth shine.

You give yourself unto the moon,
Silvering your tiny nest;
Can it be those wondrous wings
Are folded now in rest?

In wonder I before you stand,
Your grace and beauty see;
Who could have made the lovely flowers
The hummingbird and bee?

—V. G. C.



Please remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.



Animals Join in Drive

PATIENTS of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital looked on with approval recently when our Society contributed to the paper drive nearly two tons of waste paper and cardboard, including discarded literature, books and pamphlets, as well as out-moded records and file material.

Shown in the picture with a small part of the contribution, are Mrs. Ruth Bent, hospital nurse, and "Freckles," English Setter, who seems eager to do his part to help the war effort.



Cat Protects Birds

MILLIE" is just a common everyday house cat belonging to Mrs. Roland Grant, of Pawtucket Avenue, in Singac, New Jersey.

Mrs. Grant had several canaries and from kittenhood she taught Millie that she should never harm the birds. Millie learned her lesson well. Not only does she not try to catch birds but she stands guard over them while they are eating the food that Mrs. Grant places in her spacious back yard for them. Stray cats and even stray dogs don't come near when Millie is on duty. At first the wild birds were afraid of Millie but they soon learned that they could trust her. Many times birds have lighted within a few inches of Millie to gather food without her making the slightest move to bother them.

On one occasion a big tom cat tried to bluff Millie so that he could get one of the feeding birds. Millie chased him off while dozens of birds stood around in the trees chattering excitedly and waiting to fly down and eat just as soon as their benefactor chased off the intruder.

Mrs. Grant's canaries many times while flying about the house land on Millie's back without the least fear. They often eat from the same bowl with Millie and the cat never lifts a whisker in protest.

—A. M. Vitale

Boat Nests

HOW would you like to live in a house-boat? You think it would be fun for awhile. Did you know there are birds who like the water so much that they build their nests in it? The grebe is one of those birds. She builds her nest of stems and other materials and anchors it to the tall reeds in the shallow water. Sometimes the nest breaks loose and drifts down the stream. It is a strange sight to see the boatlike nest floating on the water with the grebe calmly sitting on her eggs as if she were out to see the sights along the waterway.

—Lenelle Marsh Kanthack



Anchors Aweigh!

ANOTHER name is added to our roll of honor—that of J. Robert Smith, who recently accepted a commission in the United States Naval Reserve as lieutenant, junior grade.

The illustration above shows Lieutenant Smith bidding good-bye to "Jeff," a convalescing patient at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital just before leaving to report for duty at Fort Schuyler, New York.

Lieutenant Smith, resident of Belmont, was graduated from Colgate University in 1936 and has been employed by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in the capacity of prosecuting officer for the past seven years.

Our best wishes go with Lieutenant Smith with the hope that he may soon return to take up his work again as a valued member of the staff.

Canine Psychology

HEINZ," a white mongrel with black and brown spots, sauntered into the University of Chicago, and was made house mascot by a group of army airforce meteorologists. Due to the considerable doubt about his ancestry, the cadets first named him Heinz, for fifty-seven varieties, but later changed his name to "Isobar," a meteorological term.

As the weeks wore on Isobar, formerly known as Heinz, became dearly beloved at U. of C. Alas, one day he met with an auto accident, injuring one leg so severely that amputation was necessary. Hopping about on only three legs now, Isobar found his kindly friends at the college petting him even more than before.

Such was the situation when not long ago another stray dog, a fluffy looking puppy with curly hair, wandered into the university. He too was adopted and given the name "Isallabar," a meteorological term for the line of constant pressure change. But, it seems, for every affectionate pat on the head Isallabar received from the cadets, Isobar received three or four. That this unequal showering of affection was heartfelt by the neglected dog can be plainly seen in the "steps," she took to gain her full share.

One morning Isallabar developed a limp, which puzzled the veterinary for he could find no injury on the dog's leg!

—Randolph MacFarlan

Ovation

*I'm no potentate or president,
I haven't got much dough;
Just another main street resident
They designate as . . . Joe.
But coming home the bands all play,
Loud cheers my ears assail—
All this and more is plain as day
In my puppy's wagging tail.*

—Roland Edgar

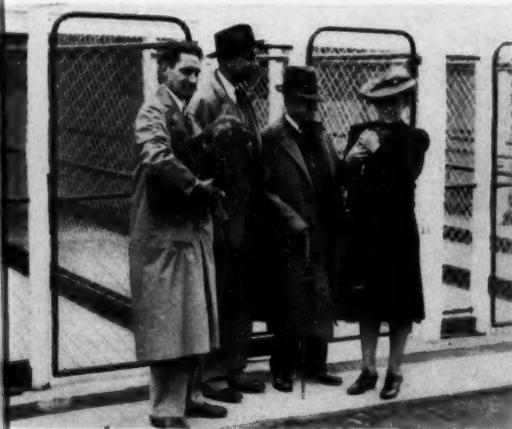


Boston Daily Record

English Setter with injured paw is treated at the Hospital by Dr. George J. Freiermuth, aided by Nurse Jennie Kozlowski.



The agent's house is on the premises where he will be within call at all times.



Herbert Liscomb, Eric H. Hansen, Dr. Francis H. Rowley and former president, Miss Elsie Gardner.

Bugs Will Get You

NATURE is the backbone of our country and the whole world. In Nature is the all in all by which America can carry on. To destroy the productions of Nature is to wreak destruction to our country.

If we will consider what has transpired in years past to take away for all time some of the things that meant so much to the glory of Nature in these United States, our eyes may be opened to seeing the destruction of other wonderful productions of the wildwood.

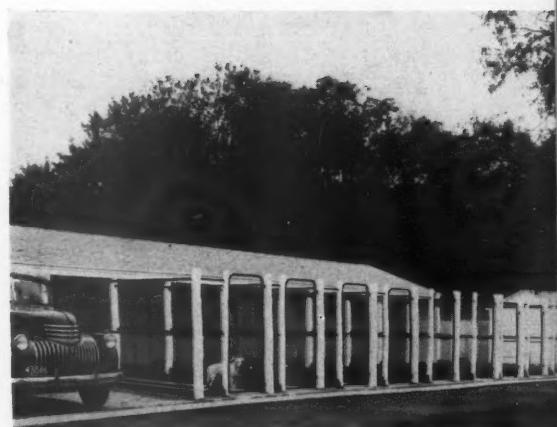
Picture, if you will, the millions of which there is not one today. Yes, there were millions of them, and they are all gone—gone forever. Think of the flocks of birds so great in numbers they had the appearance of a mighty storm cloud, and in passing would hide the sun from view for hours. When these birds would settle during migrations, their numbers were so great that, in attempting to perch in trees, the weight of the birds would

often break the branches. These are actual facts regarding the Passenger Pigeon, or the wild pigeon, as it was more commonly called. By all manner of means the wild pigeon was destroyed and the bird became numbered among the extinct forms, before man was fully aware of the fact.

The story of the passing of the Heath Hen is another sad record telling of the slaughter of wildlife. The beautiful Carolina Paroquet, the Ivory-billed Wood-pecker, the California Condor, the Eskimo Curlew, the Labrador Duck are now extinct or almost so.

The American Bison or buffalo, the moose, elk, caribou, deer, bear and many of the so-called big game, as well as fur-bearing animals, are unknown over much of the territory they formerly roamed. The forests have been felled, wasted, and left uncared for; flora uprooted and destroyed, water polluted and abused, minerals and products of the

Ready to Serve



Exercise pens adjoin the kennels. Notice the first dog occupant under the new management.



Herbert Liscomb with the well-equipped ambulance for use in collecting sick, stray or unwanted animals.

By BURLINGHAM SCHURR

soil taken in selfish greed. Because of this fact we have lost forever many things in Nature and are likely to see other things disappear. Furthermore, the statement is made that unless this nation is thoroughly awakened to a full realization of how vital the question of conservation of wildlife and the productions in Nature is, future America will suffer severely.

It's a bug here and a bug there, and whatever it may be in the Victory garden, flower bed, orchard, farm, street trees, parks, fields, woods, any place and everywhere, the bugs are doing a job. Those who experience fighting insect pests know only too well the bugs will get you if you don't watch out.

Birds eat bugs, toads eat bugs, so also do frogs, lizards, salamanders, some snakes, some mammals. We need the things that eat bugs, and if we do not have a big army of bug eaters, the bugs will in time cause famine and disaster.

"Dog Overboard!"

AGUM-CHEWING, orange-drinking, ocean-going puppy dog has the boys of the Coast Guard on the run. He had them running all over the ocean for him, and now, whether he's aboard ship or out for an evening with the boys on shore liberty, he demands and gets as much attention as a movie star visiting a South Pacific outpost.

But the Coast Guardsmen don't mind. For what happened to that little ball of fluff shouldn't happen to a dog—at least not to a three-month-old cocker spaniel.

It all happened when a Coast Guard cutter was ploughing through heavy seas on convoy duty. No one quite knows how it came about, but suddenly the shout went up, "Dog Overboard," and the ship's mascot, "Snooks," was wallowing behind in the icy waters of the North Atlantic.

Had it been one of their shipmates, the boys couldn't have acted more quickly. The skipper gave the command to heave to, and before you could say Semper Paratus, a small boat was heading over a sea filled with white caps and spray.

Meanwhile, the skipper reversed course and within about five minutes the cutter came upon the swimming victim. There was still trouble, since the ship could not come too close to the puppy, but Seaman First Class James Cooper, a Texan, solved the problem. He stripped off his shoes and dungarees and jumped over the side. His arm went around Snooks and then both paddled back toward the cutter. Willing hands pulled both from the icy seas.

It was a bedraggled and apparently wiser dog that came aboard the cutter, but after a night of shivers under a blanket on some one's sack, Snooks came prowling the deck as though the cold bath had never happened.

—U. S. Coast Guard

**Air Raids and Animals**

LISTENING to some Surrey farmers discussing the effects of air raids on birds and animals, it came out that a Labrador retriever, who normally occupies the hearthrug of an evening, would get up and retreat beneath the sofa some fifteen seconds before the siren sounded. On consideration, the company decided that the dog might be gifted with more acute hearing than humans and that he caught the note of some far-away siren not perceptible to his master.

Another said that he had twice heard pheasants in the same copse begin calling to one another before he had heard the sound of a siren. All present agreed that an air raid and the fall of bombs had no effect whatever on owls, which continue to hoot and go about their nocturnal business quite undisturbed.

—British Information Services

ANIMAL LAND

In her well-known biography of PAUL REVERE, Esther Forbes relates that in Revolutionary Boston, a law was passed limiting the height of dogs to ten inches. The object was to protect the butchers from pilfering canines.

A Cleveland, Ohio, statute, still on the books, provides that no animal other than a cat or a pheasant may enter a public eating place. So that makes us vegetables.

Aviators who must fly across jungles are warned, "if grounded and out of regular food, eat anything that you see a monkey eat."

A world famous authority on snakes declares that there are more of these reptiles in the metropolitan area of New York than anywhere else in the world.

Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany once filed a claim with the Anglo-German Tribunal to be indemnified for a prize pig which was killed by a bomb thrown from one of his own Zeppelins during the last War.

A Southern California dairy farm erected a sign on which was inscribed, "Our cows are NOT contented — they are striving to do better."

According to scientists who should know, it is safer to kiss your dog than your girl. The reason is that most dog diseases are not transmutable to humans. Come here, "Spot," and give me a kiss.

Seven years ago a Washington resident requested an unlisted telephone number which the telephone company refused. He then hit upon the idea of using his cat, "George," in a rather strange capacity. So for all these years Capt. George Katt, His Majesty's Guard, has been listed in the Washington directory, though he has been in cat heaven for three years.

A lifeboat approached the stern half of a torpedoed tanker, split in two in mid-Atlantic, to take off 27 survivors at night in a gale. Suddenly an oarsman pointed to a weird light bobbing on the sea. It was a little white dog equipped with its own tiny lifejacket and a flashlight. His owner was rescued with the dog, "Mitzi," and both have recovered from their ordeal by water in an English hospital.

— Jack Pearson

In Line of Duty

By CLARA F. HORSLEY

DOUG," a Doberman Pinscher, whose registered title is Douglas MacArthur, after the famous general, was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Countryman, Burlington, Iowa.

When Doug was one year old, he was sent by his fond owners to Camp Robison, Nebraska, a training center for dogs, where he was to be trained to become a member of the U. S. Marines.

In a letter to Doug's owners, the commanding officer at Camp Robison wrote, "People do not realize the important part that dogs are playing in this war and their assistance in taking care of our service boys, or they would part with their pets now to help their country."

Officials of the Army notified Doug's owners he soon was to complete his training and was to be assigned to the U. S. Marines. They also advised that following the training period, no word would be sent them for the duration.

Then, later, came sad news in a letter from Lt. Q. M. Godsal, in which he said, "It is with sincere regret that we must inform you of the death of your Doberman Pinscher, Doug. Hospitalized for some time, his death followed a secondary disease occasioned by distemper. Nothing was left undone to save him. We called in the finest veterinarians—and I assure you, that the Army has the best in the world.

"We share with you the grief in the loss of your pet. His death is of real concern to the staff here. It means the loss of a great pet and a great Army dog."

The Historical Society of Iowa has obtained pictures of Doug to use in a display window in the Historical Building, in Des Moines. Also, his record has been made part of a large volume along with other heroes from the State, who have died in service.

**Pigeon Saves R. A. F. Crew**

A ROYAL Air Force flying boat was missing in northern waters. Thick mist with visibility down to a hundred yards, a twenty-five miles per hour head wind, and storm conditions prevented any rescue aircraft from taking off.

But "White Vision" got through. She was a pigeon carried by the flying boat. Released with a message, she battled against the storm and mist for eight hours and forty minutes, seeking her loft among those northern islands, sixty miles from her starting point.

She reached it. Her message was read and the crew saved.

White Vision is one of three R. A. F. pigeons which have thus saved air crews. They are the first to receive the Dickin Medal for gallantry.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Bullets or Chicken Wire?

By ALFRED I. TOOKE

BEAT you can't guess what we have to do this morning, Bill. It's something really important."

Ronnie was certainly excited at having Bill back. It isn't everyone who has a big brother back from the war front, with medals for bravery and wonderful stories to tell, and now that Ronnie had Bill to himself at last, he was going to make the most of it.

"What do we have to do, youngster?"

For answer, Ronnie raced upstairs and was down again in a matter of seconds.

"With this .22 rifle of yours we're going to get a rabbit that's been eating our vegetable garden. Mom wouldn't let me shoot him. She said I was too young to handle firearms, but now you're home—Boom! He's probably in the cabbage patch right now."

Sure enough a white tail flicked in the cabbage patch as they approached.

"He went behind the big one, Bill." Ronnie's voice trembled with excitement. "There's his head. Quick, Bill. You can't miss at this distance."

But Bill's hands seemed unable to raise the rifle and at last he picked up a pebble instead and tossed it towards the rabbit, which promptly flicked its tail again and disappeared through a hole in the fence.

"Aw, Bill! Why did you do that? Now he's got away!"

"Sorry, kid. I guess you'll think I'm pretty much of a softie, but I just couldn't shoot that rabbit. You see, Ron, he never did me any harm . . ."

"But he eats the garden vegetables, Bill."

"We can fence them off with chicken wire."

"Sure, but if you'd only shot him, Bill . . ."

"Afraid I couldn't, Ron. Look!" Bill pulled up his pants leg and Ronnie shuddered at the ugly scar he saw. "You see, Bill, I know how it feels to be hunted and shot by someone who wanted to kill me. I know how it feels to crawl away somewhere, terribly hurt, and wait for death to come. Of course, I didn't die, or I wouldn't be here. Someone found me in time, so I was able to come home at last to Father and Mother and you. And maybe this rabbit has a mate and some little rabbits he'd like to go home to and play around with. And after all he only did what was natural for him to do. He didn't know we planted those vegetables specially, and he didn't deliberately intend to do us harm, so . . . well . . ."

Gradually the disappointment faded from Ronnie's face and he grinned. "Okay, Bill. But mind, you have to help fix that fence. There's old chicken wire behind the garage, so . . ."

Bill chuckled. "So we'll use chicken wire instead of bullets, and live and let live, and everybody'll be happy, eh?"



Photo, Eugene W. Gustafson

"POCKET PIECE"



At the Bird Bath

By MABEL HATTON MARKS

*The birds—such jolly little things!
In my clear garden pool
They splash and play,
Rippling the surface with their wings;
They preen and dance and flirt,
Hop in, hop out,
Dip thirsty beaks into the cool
Fresh water, send a spray
Of sparkling drops upon the air,
But always with alert
Bright glance that darts about
For danger signals, here and there
And everywhere.*

The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President
WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Secretary

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Ninety-five Bands of Mercy were organized during June. These were distributed as follows:

Georgia	64
Florida	24
Virginia	7

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 268,364.

SUMMARY OF FIELD WORK

Number of addresses made, 87
Number of persons in audiences, 4,561



Dog Learns Sign Language

TO say that a dog doesn't think and put his thoughts into action would be to discount stories of his accomplishments in our military service, or disbelief one's eyes upon observing a seeing-eye dog safely guide a sightless man to his destination through dangerous traffic, or consider as a figment of the imagination dogs which serve as ears for deaf mutes, or say that evidence proving dogs do think is just so much poppycock.

As further proof, however, that dogs *do* think, is the achievement of "Butch." Butch is a bright-eyed little terrier owned by Charlie Moskowitz, a deaf mute, of Greenville, S. C. Quite naturally, and with good ground for his claim, Charlie will tell you with pride in his voice that Butch is the smartest dog in town; and the townsfolk will back him up; for Butch, believe it or not, has been educated to understand the manual alphabet used by deaf mutes. Already the little dog has mastered more than a third of the characters, and he executes orders and commands quickly and correctly, as indicated by Charlie's fingers.

Butch's achievement is enhanced by the fact that he is being educated to understand the manual alphabet without sound effects, which method is hard to understand even by human beings, let alone a dog.

—Sam Riffel



"SCREECH" IS QUITE AT HOME IN HER "MICK."

Sea Dogs Go to War

By W. J. BANKS

SCREECH," the small mascot of a Canadian destroyer, snuggles in her made-to-size "mick" (hammock) when she is not too busy at her job of ruling the ship's company with a rod of iron. Practically every fighting ship has at least one mascot, and several dogs have adopted the traditional sailor's hammock. It is quite a trick to stay put in the swaying berth when a heavy sea rolls the little ship about, but Screech knows how to accomplish it. Like all navy mascots, she is reputed to guarantee that the vessel's good fortune will continue as long as she is aboard. That is one reason why sailors will go to any length to guard and care for the ship's pet.

"Alma," a fox terrier who "adopted" a United States cruiser, traveled across the seas many times as the ship took convoys to England and Australia. Then, one evening at San Diego, Alma accompanied her special pal, a sailor known as Foghorn, on a tour of the waterfront. Foghorn was in such a hurry to get aboard ship by midnight that he forgot all about Alma, who was left behind. The

ship sailed unexpectedly before morning, and the repentant Foghorn faced the wrath of a frantic crew. When the ship reached New York, the men sought the aid of the press and Alma's sad case received nation-wide publicity. Two months later she was found, still searching San Diego for her friends. She rode east in a navy air transport and arrangements were made for her to rejoin her ship, by then in the Mediterranean war zone.

Many ship's mascots have been cited for their coolness and bravery under fire. "Bacchus," of the Free French submarine *Rubis*, was the first wartime mascot to win the Valiant Dog's decoration of the (British) League of Dogs. Some dogs on escort ships add to their usefulness as morale builders by an even more practical contribution. They learn to recognize the approach of aircraft long before human ears can detect any sound. One skipper declared that he relied chiefly on his dogs for this purpose. When they growled and pointed to the sky, he swung his guns promptly in the direction indicated—and never was wrong.

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HOT WEATHER ADVICE

*A*LL animal owners should recognize the need for special care for their animals during hot weather. Veterinarians of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital stress the fact that the midsummer heat affects many animals in the same manner as it does human beings.

Horses, in particular, should receive special attention. More and more of these animals are coming back into general use in proportion to the scarcity of gasoline and tires. In this respect, horses should never be forced to carry too heavy loads; generous amounts of cool water should be supplied and frequent rest periods made a part of the daily routine.

Thoughtless cruelty is also inflicted on many dogs which are left by their owners in parked cars. These animals, virtually imprisoned—often in the broiling sun, may suffer intensely in a temperature which may exceed 100 degrees. An owner should take his pet with him or, if that is impossible, park his car in the shade and open the windows at least two inches on opposite sides to insure proper ventilation.

Dogs, at times, are not too cautious about their own health—always ready to romp and play to the point of exhaustion. A considerate owner will not force his pet to exercise too vigorously.

Plenty of fresh, cool water should always be available for your dog or cat. Renew it frequently and keep the dish in a shaded spot. If your dog is tied outdoors, be sure he can reach the shade.

Hot Weather Don'ts

- DON'T allow pets to remain in the hot sun.
- DON'T leave pets in stifling hot cars.
- DON'T overload work horses.
- DON'T fail to provide ample cool water.
- DON'T allow dogs near freshly-sprayed plants.
- DON'T allow animals near poison ivy.
- DON'T permit dogs to chase balls on beach.
- DON'T let dogs chase automobiles.
- DON'T abandon your pets when you leave your summer home.

